Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did scorne the earth.
Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others must end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
Ro. He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* slaine,
Away to heauen respectiue lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gauest me, for *Mercutio's* soule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.
Ti. Thou wretched boy that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Ro. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* slaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
Ro. O, I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit. Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Benu. There lyes that *Tibalt*.
Citi. Vp, sir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can discouer all:
The vnluckie manage of this fatall brall,

There

There lyes the man slaine by
That slew thy kinsman, braue
Capu.Wi. *Tibalt*, my Cozi
O Prince, O Cozin, husband
Of my deare kinsman, Prince,
For bloud of ours, shead blou
O Cozin, Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*, who begar
Ben. *Tibalt* here slaine, who
Romeo that spoke him faire, b
How nice the quarrell was, an
Your high displeasure all this
With gentle breath, calme lo
Could not take truce with th
Ot *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but
With peircing steele at bold
Who all as hot, turnes deadly
And with a Martiall scorne, v
Cold death aside, and with th
Is back to *Tibalt*, whose dext
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes al
Hold friends, friends part, an
His agill arme beates downe
And twixt them rushes, vnder
An enuious thrust from *Tibalt*
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then
But by and by comes backe t
Who had but newly entertayn
And too't they goe like lightn
Could draw to part them, wa
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn
This is the truth, or let *Benuol*
Ca.Wi. He is a kinsman to
Affection makes him false, he
Some twentie of them fought
And all those twentie could b
I beg for Iustice, which thou, P

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34